

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

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HADDONFIELD, N. J., MAY, 1876.

No. 24

Communicated by B. M. R.

THANKSGIVING.

BY RICHARD COE.

Thanksgiving and the voice of praise
To God, the gracious giver,
For every good that crowns our days,
Forever and forever:

For morning light and evening shade,
For tender blade and blossom;
For joy and sorrow equal made,
To glad and pain the bosom.

* * *

We thank Thee for all joy we feel,
We thank Thee for all sorrow;
We thank Thee for our present weal,
And trust Thee for the morrow.

* * *

We thank Thee, Father, for the gift,
All other gifts excelling,
That Thou dost oft our spirits lift
To be thine own indwelling.

We thank Thee for the Holy Book
That holds the best confession;
That Christ, thy Son, with pleading look,
Still maketh intercession.

Thanksgiving and the voice of praise
To God, the gracious giver,
For every good that crowns our days,
Forever and forever.

* * *

THE STREAM OF TIME.

Onward flows the Stream of Time,
Wave on wave, with course sublime,—
Rippling, bubbling, gurgling, foaming,
Bubbling, tinkling, singing on;
Rising, spreading, flooding, foaming,
Surging, billowing, ebbing—gone!

Now with gentle purling playing
O'er the pebbles of the rill;
Now with quiet motion straying
O'er bright sands, so blue and still;
Now with gurgling dimples ringing
Foam-bells, lily-like and fair;
Now, like mermaid, sweetly singing,
Parting trim the rushes' hair;
Or adown the mountain dashing,
Wreathing rainbows in the sun,
Streaming, beaming, sparkling, flashing,
Tumbling, falling, leaping, rushing,
Booming, thundering, echoing, crushing,
Crown'd with spray-clouds, torrents on.

Onward flows the Stream of Time,
From the dim, eternal mountains,
With a distant echoing chime,
Rising from their sun-light fountains;
Like a long gaunt wolf it speedeth
Through the patient shepherd's flock,
Flooding where the choice lamb feedeth,
Gulphing vale and scaling rock;
But amid the pastures still,
Sometimes flowing sweet in glee,
Like a gently-tinkling rill,
Playing rural minstrelsy.

Thus through every varied clime
Of chivalry, love, arms and song,
Onward flows the Stream of Time
With a broader current strong;
By the mill and by the cot;
By broad-acred lands, and yeoman's lot;
And through the town, where anvils ring,
And looms their wheels intricate fling.

On it flows, and pauses never;
Glory to its flushing tide;
Now an ocean, once a river,
How its billows leap in pride!

A STORY OF THE DEEP.

Early in the gray dawn of an autumn morning, the inhabitants of a small village on the Welsh coast were aroused by the news that a great ship had struck on the rocks, and was going down. A crowd soon collected on the beach, and saw that the crew were hastily getting into the boats, scantily clothed in whatever was at hand to throw over their night dresses.

When the boats left the ship, the villagers watched them with intense excitement as they came laboring through the heavy masses of water that came tumbling with a sullen roar upon the beach. After much peril and fright, and half drowned with spray, all safely landed. Parents sought out their children, and friends clasped each other, dreading lest, in the confusion, one should have been left behind. Each one found the other, and joined in fervent thanksgiving—all but one, a little girl of ten years old, who ran eagerly about from group to group, gazing on each face in evident distress, and then shrieking in piercing tones, "O, Minnie, Minnie! they have left Minnie behind!"

"Be thankful, child," said one, "that your own life is spared."

"No," said the little girl, choking with sobs, "I would rather have died with Minnie; I have nothing but Minnie."

"How came you to leave her?" asked another.

"We awoke with a great noise," said the little girl, "and I ran up to see what was the matter, and was going back to tell her, but some one put me in the boat, and I could not be heard for the noise; and then I thought perhaps they had taken her, too. O, do save Minnie!" cried the child, wild with distress.

"It is impossible, my dear," said a gentleman; "the ship is filling fast, and must soon go down."

Tears ran down the captain's face: "I have a wife and children," he said, "or I would risk my life for the little one; for they are two little orphans given into my charge to bring them from Australia to their uncle in England."

The child ran to a weather-beaten sailor, and clasped his knees: "You used to play with Minnie," she cried, "do save her, please do!"

"God help me! I will!" said the kind-hearted man, touched by the child's grief, and, quickly taking every precaution, he dashed out into the foam.

Sometimes they believed him lost, but he was a powerful, muscular man, and gallantly struggled on. Mary knelt trembling on the sand, hiding her face in her and silently praying for her sister, and not daring to look up, until a cheer from those around told her he had gained the ship. Calling out the name of "Minnie," a little voice from the saloon answered him, and he found her. Poor little thing! frightened at the rising water, she had climbed by a chair on to the table, and when the water covered the table, she had pulled the floating chair on to it; and as the water still rose, she was kneeling upon it, praying Jesus "to take her to heaven, and comfort poor Mary."

It was the work of a moment for the brave sailor to seize the child and begin to strive against the water, with her in his arms. Soon he reached the deck; the ship was filling so rapidly that a horrible fear seized him that they might both be sucked down with the sinking vessel. He strained every nerve, inspired with having rescued the child from death. She never doubted they would be saved, and clung to him with quiet confidence, sometimes on the top of a wave, then buried in its deep hollow. The noble fellow held out manfully, and was at last cast on shore, bruised and breathless, with his precious burden safe.

Words fail to tell the meeting of the two sisters; the rough men around sobbed like children at the sight.

Three years after the shipwreck, the two children were living at a pleasant home in Lincolnshire, very happy, with their aunt and uncle, who, having no children of their own, were glad to receive them. One sunny afternoon a rough looking man came up to the door, and asked to speak to "Miss Minnie." The maid

servant looked surprised, for he was dusty and travel-stained, and she spoke with a gruff voice: "You can't see her; she doesn't come to the like of you," said she.

"The like of me! why, what do you take me for?" asked the man with a smile.

"Why, a beggar, to be sure; and, I dare say, an impostor," answered the maid; to which a youth, who helped the gardener, responded by declaring—"Half those begging sailors are land-lubbers, who have never seen the inside of a ship."

How this talk might have ended I know not, had not Minnie at that moment looked out at a window, and, with a cry of joy, darted down stairs. You may imagine how the maid servant was surprised when she saw her young mistress fling her arms around the stranger's neck, and cover his dusty face with kisses. Then Mary came running down, too, with as warm a welcome. The aunt and uncle were delighted to see the brave sailor, and begged him to stay at their house whenever he remained on shore.

When this tale was told to me, the brave man was still living, and never failed, after each voyage, to go and see his young friend.

The best of all is, Minnie is now remarkable for her faith and trust in God; and on the fly-leaf of her bible she has this verse: "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—*Early Days.*

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

The burning of Moscow, in 1812, is one of the most noted conflagrations on record, not only on account of its magnitude, but for its historical importance. The French entered the city Sept. 14th, Napoleon proposing to make it his winter quarters. On that very day, several fires broke out; but little attention was paid to them by the invading army until the next two days, when they had acquired great headway. On the 17th a high wind arose, and the flames spread rapidly in every direction. On the 18th the whole city appeared a sea of flame, and by the evening of the 20th, nine-tenths of it was reduced to ashes. The total number of buildings destroyed is stated at between 13,000 and 15,000. The Russians, at the time, in order to cast odium on the French, attributed this conflagration to the orders of Napoleon. It is now, however, generally acknowledged that the fires were the work of the Russians themselves, and that they were kindled by the orders of the governor, Koutouzeff, acting, beyond all doubt, under the sanction of the Emperor Alexander, without which it is hardly conceivable that the governor would have ventured such a step. The object was to deprive the French army of shelter for the winter. Ample precautions had been taken to ensure the entire destruction of the city. Inflammable materials were placed in deserted mansions in every quarter, and the torch was applied simultaneously all over the city. In burning the French out of their proposed winter quarters, no provision had been made for the safety of the inhabitants, who were driven to seek shelter in the surrounding woods; and it is affirmed that more than 20,000 sick and wounded perished in the flames. The direct loss to the French is put down at 40,000; and beyond this, it, in the end, involved the retreat in the dead of winter and the almost complete annihilation of the great French army. This act, which the Russians at the time repudiated, is now considered by them as their highest glory, the greatest example in history of national sacrifice for the destruction of an invader.

Appleton's Am. Cyclo.

In the lives of the saddest of us, there are bright days, when we feel as if we could take the great world into our arms. Then come gloomy days, when the fire will neither burn on our hearth nor in our hearts, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not of; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Haddonfield, May 18, 1876.

THE "BASKET"

SUSPENDED.

The present Number of the "Basket" closes up the second year of its publication. We have not decided upon any plan for its future, but for the present we propose to suspend its publication, at least for a time.

We have done what we could to give the people of the town a newspaper for the purpose of ventilating their own little matters and letting the outside world know that there is such a place as Haddonfield. But our subscription list is not sufficient to warrant its continuance at present, the cost having been considerably more than the income during the two years of its publication. We may issue a number occasionally as an advertising sheet, or when we wish especially to ventilate some subject of interest to the people.

Our subscription list embraces all the liberal minded and most prominent and leading ladies and gentlemen of the town, who are ever ready to favor whatever they believe to be for the good of the town. We are proud of such a list, and return our thanks to them for their kindness and liberality of spirit.

In some towns and villages, prominent and wealthy men contribute hundreds of dollars towards starting and maintaining a newspaper, knowing that there is no other way so well calculated to bring their town into notice, and to hold its place among its rivals.

We circulate nearly twice as many of the "Basket" outside of Haddonfield as we do in it, and have made the name of the town known, far and near, in places where it probably was never heard of before.

We shall now have more time to devote to JOB AND CARD PRINTING,

Which is more remunerative, and will be pleased to oblige our friends, and all who may see proper to favor us with their orders. The work will be done with promptness, and every effort made to give satisfaction as to both WORKMANSHIP and PRICES.

BILLS.—With the present No. of the BASKET we send bills to such as stand indebted on our books. Mr. David D. Middleton will receive any money for us, where persons may find it more convenient to pay it to him than to the publisher.

THE CONCERT,

Given by the "Haddonfield Music Circle," under the direction of Prof. Henry Pomeroy, on the evening of the 4th inst., was a very pleasant affair, and a successful one. The Church (Presbyterian) was well filled, and the singing good—some of it excellent. The instrumental music was also to be commended. That old fashioned tune, "The Last Rose of Summer," was performed charmingly on the violoncello, by Prof. Engelke, and the trio on the violoncello, flute and piano, was a fine performance—in which our young friend, the flutist, notwithstanding his great innate modesty, did much credit to himself and the music. The piano duet was also good. The two anthems were given with much spirit; and one could not help being impressed with the fact that there is so much more of grandeur and sublimity in sacred than in secular music. The pieces called "Spring's delights," "Cantilena," and "Forest Echoes," may be mentioned as being very commendable, both as to the music and the singing.

Messrs. Jos. S. Clement and R. Elmer Clement are about to open a Boot and Shoe store in the old Tailoring establishment, formerly occupied by the late Chas. Lippincott, on Main street, Haddonfield. Their stock will embrace both fine and common goods, both for men and women, and efforts will be made to accommodate all tastes, as well as purses.

RAILROADS AND THE SABBATH.

TOWN MEETING.

A meeting was held in this town on Saturday evening, the 30th ult., with a view of considering the feasibility of greater Railroad facilities between Haddonfield and Philadelphia, although we now have 10 or 11 trains daily each way, except Sundays, when there is one train down and one up, to and from Atlantic City, stopping at the way stations.

Among other matters discussed, as we understand, was the question of running a train on Sunday to the city in the morning and back in the evening—and several of those present favored the movement. It might be very pleasant and convenient for some of us to spend a portion of the Sabbath day occasionally in the city; but as the plea of necessity cannot in this case be urged, for thus further desecrating the day, we cannot understand how any one professing to be guided by the laws and precepts of the bible, can advocate such a measure.

There are more words used in the Old Testament, and more reasons assigned, for observing the Sabbath than for any other law in the decalogue; and for the benefit of such as seldom or never see or read it where it first appears in the bible, we give it here as an extract from the 20th chapter of Exodus:

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days, the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

This is very explicit; and Christ, in his sermon on the mount, in the New Testament, says, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." Unfortunately, however, there is always a very large proportion of the community—always have been and we suppose always will be—who seem to make it more of a study how to break laws, both human and divine, than to obey them. There is now even a clergyman in Philadelphia, professing to teach God's word, who takes an active part and presides at meetings having in view the opening of the Centennial grounds on the Sabbath day; but as he belongs to a denomination that repudiates the essential and only feature that gives value to Christianity, there is nothing very surprising in his conduct.

But when professed clergymen, and leading or prominent men and officers in the churches, who profess to be guided by Christian principles, advocate the desecration of the Sabbath, by opening places of business and amusement, and running cars on that day, what can be expected from the masses, who have but little or no true regard for the bible or sacred things?

Again, a great deal is said about the "poor" being deprived of their Sunday excursions, &c. But it is no matter about the "poor" conductors, engineers, brakemen, firemen, station men, &c. O, no! they need no rest. We understand many of them get very little of it now, and they'll get still less if compelled to run on Sunday.

Some evil-minded person went into the sheds of the Baptist Church in this town on Tuesday evening, May 10th, where Mr. Abel H. Tomlinson had left his team temporarily, and cut and ruined his harness. He has offered a reward of \$50 for information leading to the detection of the person committing this outrage.

The new Railroad from Camden to Atlantic City, it is said, will be "put through" at an early day, at least as far as Haddonfield, and there is a rumor that negotiations are pending for a property near the centre of the town for the new depot.

Mr. C. Baker was badly bitten a few days ago by a cross dog, at a place where he had called on business. Cross dogs should be chained up.

Mr. C. Hillman is having a neat looking house built on Union street, adjoining his brother Benjamin's. Mr. C. Baker is the builder.

We can't see any propriety in urging the Railroads to run at ruinous prices to oblige the Centennial people. There are other interests to look after besides their's. Stockholders may feel some interest at stake.

The great Centennial Exhibition opened with much show and parade on the 10th inst., as arranged months ago. It is estimated there were 150,000 people present, of which but 76,217 paid the entrance fee. The average since, up to Monday, inclusive, has been about or a little over 12,000 pay admissions per day—this average not very greatly exceeding the attendance at many of the Moody and Sankey meetings.

Some of the restaurants have been charging enormously, although the tendency in the price of provisions at the present time is downward.

That odious little ten cent arrangement on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, we understand, is still continued—a small business. We very much doubt whether the law would sustain the company in this matter where there are no offices at which persons can purchase tickets before entering the cars.

Mr. Dan'l Norcross has sold out his entire interest in the Oddfellow newspaper, the "New Age," published in San Francisco, Cal., to Frank B. Austin, who has been its editor for some time past.

We have received a copy of a fac simile of the original Declaration of Independence, published by Leggo Bros. & Co., New York.

If the Centennial Exhibition costs \$7,500,000, the amount claimed to complete it, in order simply to realize this sum it will be necessary for 15,000,000 people to visit it once, at the price of admission, 50 cents; and as the time is confined to 158 days (from May 10 to Nov. 10, deducting Sundays, on which it will be closed,) it will require the daily attendance of nearly 95,000 people. From these figures the resident citizen may form some idea of the crowd and bustle in our city during the six months succeeding May 10.—*Pub. Ledger.*

The Mother's Magazine for May. This is an excellent periodical for the family. E. T. Farr, publisher, New York. \$1.60 a year.

By an act the Legislature of N. J., Justices of the Peace are required to give bonds to the amount of \$3,000.

101 buildings, it is said, have been erected at Atlantic City since last season.

MARRIED.

On the 19th ult., at the residence of the bride's mother, West Philadelphia, by Rev. T. W. Wilkinson, Dr. J. B. Hobensack, to Miss Laura Stebbins, both of Philadelphia.

DIED.

At Berlin, on the 28th ult., Samuel G. Shivers, M. D., in the 30th year of his age—a brother of Dr. B. Shivers, of this town. Interred in the Baptist Cemetery, Haddonfield.

At Medford, on the 20th ult., Charles E. Tolt—a member of the family of that name in Haddonfield.

ARTHUR.

Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine not only takes rank with the leading and most influential periodicals of the day, but claims to be, in its peculiar characteristics and varied departments, more thoroughly identified with the American People in their Home and Social Life than any other magazine published.

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A commodious three story House, with three story back buildings, eleven rooms, in good order, on the Main street, and within three minutes' walk of the railroad Depot; pump with excellent water under cover; front and side yard and large garden, with plenty of shade and fruit trees, and small fruits. Inquire of the publisher of this paper.

It Pays! It Pays! WHAT PAYS?

IT PAYS every MANUFACTURER, MERCHANT, MECHANIC, INVENTOR, FARMER, or PROFESSIONAL MAN, to keep informed on all the improvements and discoveries of the age.

IT PAYS the head of every family to introduce into his household a newspaper that is instructive, one that fosters a taste for investigation, and promotes thought and encourages discussion among the members.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which has been published weekly for the last thirty years, does this to an extent beyond that of any other publication; in fact it is the only weekly paper published in the United States, devoted to Manufactures, Mechanics, Inventions and New Discoveries in the Arts and Sciences.

Every number is profusely illustrated, and its contents embrace the latest and most interesting information pertaining to the Industrial, Mechanical and Scientific Progress of the World: Descriptions, with Beautiful Engravings, of New Inventions, New Implements, New Processes, and Improved Industries of all kinds; Useful Notes, Recipes, Suggestions and Advice, by Practical Writers, for Workmen and Employers, in all the various arts, forming a complete repository of New Inventions and Discoveries; containing a weekly record not only of the progress of the Industrial Arts in our own country, but also of all New Discoveries and Inventions in every branch of Engineering, Mechanics, and Science abroad.

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Vick's Floral Guide.

This is a beautiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated, and containing an elegant colored Frontispiece with the first number. Price only 25 cents for the year. The first number for 1876 just issued. Address JAMES VICK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Temperance Dining Rooms,
R. W. CLARK, 51 North 6th st.

An amusing incident has come to light, musty with age, of the march of the British through old Cambridge, Mass., to Concord. Passing a field where an old man was sowing seed, one of the red-coats, in jest, said to him:

"You may sow, but we shall reap."
"Well, perhaps you may," replied the native, "for I'm sowing hemp."

The honesty which has made New England famous is breathed in with its mountain air. A Danbury man thought he heard some one after his turkeys one Saturday night. He went out with his gun in time to send a load of shot after a retiring figure. The next morning, he called on his next door neighbor, and asked a little girl where her mother was. "She's in the other room, pickin' shot out of pa's back," said the child.

A MATTER OF POPULAR INTEREST.

We condense from the *Lehigh Register* the substance of a conversation about Oak Hall, in Philadelphia, Wanamaker & Brown's "Largest Clothing House in America." A visitor and attendant are the speakers:

Visitor: "What corner is the Building on?"
Attendant: "South-East corner of 82d and Market. Please note the SIXTH floor, for some strangers seeking Oak Hall, have been misled by designing persons."

V. "It is perfectly colossal! Do you know its dimensions?"
A. "12,000 square feet—66 on Market, and 150 old on Sixth, six stories high, has over three acres of flooring, and covers space once occupied by more than twenty different business places."

V. "Do you use steam-power?"
A. "A giant young engine furnishes power for the freight and passenger elevators, and the boilers steam for heating, and the other operations of the house."

V. "What order do you take with goods?"
A. "They are first opened and arranged in the basement, on long low counters, and taken thence on the freight elevator to the Inspector's stock room."

V. "Is inspecting the first operation?"
A. "No, sir, measuring. The goods are first measured in the piece, then inspected. The cloth passes over rollers in the face of a strong light, and two men sit, one before and one behind the goods, watching with the eye of a hawk for the least pin-hole imperfection, and marking every flaw, so that the cutter may see and avoid it when he comes to cut the garments."

V. "You must employ an army of cutters?"
A. "Come to our fifth floor and see! We keep to hand all the time, cutting up the cloth into garments—besides, machines that do a dozen men's work each, at a stroke."

V. "Do you manufacture all your own goods?"
A. "We do, and most carefully. Our examiners inspect every stitch and seam, and certify to every garment as extra-well made before we put our ticket on it, and become responsible for it."

V. "Your system must save you a great deal?"
A. "In every direction, sir. It is the system and economy we practice all the way through, that enables us to put our price down to the people as we do."

V. "After inspecting the work, what becomes of it?"
A. "Before it goes into stock it is ticketed. Every single garment has its number and other points noted on it, so that its entire history can be traced without fail, upon our books."

V. "You must have 50 or 40 salesmen?"
A. "Why, sir, on busy days you may see 100 in the various rooms and suites of rooms, selling to the throngs of customers."

V. "Do you do an order business, by mail and express?"
A. "Very great. All over the country. Our

perfect system and rules of self-measurement make it possible to please people 2,000 miles away just as perfectly as if they were here in person."

V. "I suppose you have at least half a dozen different departments?"
A. "My dear sir, we have more than twenty, each charged with its own business, and each thoroughly organized, a necessary wheel within the great wheel."

V. "Will you name a dozen or so of them?"
A. "With pleasure. The Custom Department, for those who prefer custom made to ready-made. The Furnishing Department, with its immense stock of all underwear. The Shirt Factory, with its busy machines, making our own first-class shirts. The Trimming Department, itself as big as many a regular store. The Garment Stock Room. The Receiving Room. The Order Department, named before. The Special Uniforms Department. The Delivery Department, with its score of messengers. The—"

V. "Hold, hold, sir, enough!"
A. "I'm not half through! The Advertising Department, with its bill and sign distributors, editing and publishing a business and popular journal, circulating free, 10,000 copies monthly. Tell all your friends to send for it. The Men's Department, with its many rooms. The Boys' Department. The Youths Department. The Children's Department, with its special entrance for ladies. The Telegraph Department. The Chief Clerk's Department, with its book-keepers and assistants. General Manager's Department; Financial Office, and other offices of the firm all busy as bees thinking, planning, executing, buying, making, registering, receiving, sending out, selling, and in a thousand ways joining their forces to carry on a business with the people amounting to between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 annually."

V. "8-t-u-p-c-n-d-o-u-s!"
A. "Indeed it is! I forgot to name the Cashier's Department, which handles its \$25,000 of retail sales on some single days."

V. "\$25,000! Immense! That's what enables the house to buy cheap and sell cheap?"
A. "Exactly! You have just hit it. The people throng here, knowing that we depend on low prices and immediate sales."

V. "What are the 'FOUR RULES' I hear so much about?"
A. "Our system of business dealing—1. One price, no deviation; 2. Cash for everything; 3. A guarantee protecting the purchaser; 4. The money returned if the buyer can't otherwise be suited."

V. "Nothing could be fairer."
A. "Nothing. And the people see it."

V. "Well, I thank you, sir, for your polite attention."
A. "Net at all. It's a pleasure to serve you. Call again; and be sure of the place—Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall, South-East corner Sixth and Market."

V. "Thank you! I shall be happy to do so. Good morning."

Haddonfield Library.

THIS LIBRARY IS NOW OPEN

On 4th day (Wednesday) and 7th day (Saturday) Evenings
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